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### WHAT IS THIS MAN TO DO?



**T. O'LOUGHLIN, No. 739 Carroll street, Brooklyn, advertises:**

**FOR SALE—A man, forty-three years old, 5 feet 7 inches tall, weight 160 pounds; sound in limb, broke to machinery, easily driven. No reasonable offer refused.**

Mr. O'Loughlin is the Secretary of the Park Slope Board of Trade. He is not advertising for himself but for a competent machinist who has been out of work nine

months, hasn't a penny and wants some one to give him shelter and clothing in return for his services.

This machinist has visited more than 200 shops, every one of which has a list of men waiting for jobs. He was dispossessed because he could not pay his rent. His wife had to go back to her folks. He would rather work for his support than go to the poorhouse or commit a crime and be sent to jail.

Under the old system of negro slavery, abolished by the civil war and constitutional amendment, the slave owner was obligated to feed, clothe and shelter his slaves at all times, whether in sickness or in health, whether in the vigor of life or in old age and whether there was work for them or not.

The most ignorant negro kidnapped from Africa, unable to read or write, without a vote, unintelligent and unable to produce a quarter of the wealth of a competent mechanic, had the right to support and care which no freeborn, intelligent American workingman can nowadays assert and receive.



Were it not for the mental and social attitude of slavery many people would be better off as slaves than as they are to-day. The slave owner from his self-interest as well as from the opinion of his fellow slave owners and the force of the slave statutes was impelled not to overwork his slaves, to feed them well, to clothe them comfortably, to look after them when they were sick and to support them when there was no work for them to do.

Of the men out of work to-day, how many have a legal claim upon anybody for food, shelter, clothing and medical attendance? Who feeds them when they are out of work? Who provides them with clothes? Who looks after their families?

A slave was rent free. He paid no taxes, either direct or indirect. By custom he was allowed to do outside work when he could get it and keep the proceeds for himself.

Economic slavery is more inexorable than negro slavery. A negro slave might escape. Philanthropic people arranged the underground railroad by which thousands of slaves were taken from slavery, cared for and made self-supporting. From economic slavery there is no escape. No man can escape hunger or cold or sickness or the clamor of unfed children or the silent countenance of his wife.

What is such a man to do?

### Letters From the People

#### Subway Etiquette.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
A correspondent writes of a man on a subway car platform who raised a laugh by biting at the plumes in a lady's hat. The woman who wore the hat should not have stood on the platform of a subway train where a lot of men were. If the woman could not get inside of the car she should have sought to prevent jabbing her hat plumes into the man's face. I had an experience like this one myself once, and I was polite enough to warn the lady to be careful about her hat lest she damage it. Whereupon the lady thanked me and I was freed from further annoyance.  
H. J. K.

**Yes.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Does a person have to take out a marriage license to get married in the State of Connecticut? HARRY S.

**A "Number" Query.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
My boy, ten years old, attends a public arithmetic exercise as follows: "Read the following number, 64,004,004." I suggested to him that the proper way to read it would be: Sixty-four millions, sixty-four thousands and six hundred and forty and sixty-four thousandths; but he tells me that his teacher "dropped" him a "point" be-

cause he put in the first "and." According to his teacher the foregoing should read, Sixty-four million, sixty-four thousand, six hundred and forty and sixty-four thousandths. Will readers inform me if the word "and" is superfluous in the original reading of the exercise and why? J. S. M.

**Fred A. Bussac.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
What is the name of the Mayor of Chicago? R.R.

**A Problem in Verse.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
The following problem will probably interest readers. Who can solve it? I have a garden as square as can be. Away from the centre I planted a tree; From there to each of three corners I found.

The distance when measured upon level ground  
To be: Two rods, and three rods, and five rods, for sure.  
How large do you figure this garden to be?  
Give length of the sides. The treat is on me.  
JOHN W. LIND.

**Yes.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Could I join the U. S. Army or Navy if I had been born in Europe? J. R.

## The New York Girl—No. 15.

By Maurice Ketten.



THE TEA GIRL

### The Chorus Girl Reads a New Song by Dopey And Chirps Some About the "Unwritten Law."

"Wasn't advertised by our loving friends, kid; everybody's got to plug their own game," said the Chorus Girl. "If you are too proud to do it, or has been too proud to do it, you has got to come down off the Cupola of Condescension—nix on the Queen of Spain thing."

"Look at Dopey McKnight. Not that Dopey is proud. Dopey is just obsessed by the Demon Lassitude, as Old Man Moneyton says—which is Boston talk that he uses when he don't want Mamma De Branscombe to understand what he's saying, for you know it ain't polite to talk in French or German when you are out with people that don't understand it, and, anyway, it would be foolish, because they wouldn't know what you was talking about."

"Well, what I was saying is that if you wants to be praised you got to utter the boast words yourself. Here's Dopey has written some of the swellest ballads that ever was, and nobody knows it but his own particular friends. Them songs would make a lot of money if they was published—that is, the songs would, but Dopey wouldn't. Did you ever hear his song, 'Lured by Gold, She Left Her Happy Home'?" It's as good as "Them Cruel Words I Can't Forget." But Dopey won't even bother to take it down to Tin Pan Alley.

"The words is grand, and it goes like this:  
On the outskirts of Poughkeepsie, when the setting sun was low  
And the evening breeze was sighing "Home, Sweet Home,"  
From the nearby pickle factory came sweet Isabel;  
Toward her own dear cottage she did roam.  
This maiden was an orphan, and she had no parents, too;  
She had to do a man's work on the farm.  
A villain said "Beware!" while the silvery stars did shine,  
But her innocence it kept her from all harm."

**CHORUS.**  
But lured by gold she left her happy home;  
She beat it for a distant land to roam,  
And when she went away, she to herself did say  
"Lured by gold I've left my happy home,  
Forgot the vows that I in spring did make—  
Lured by gold I've left my happy home!"

She had been in the city about a month or two;  
She had to go to work at scrubbing floors;  
She could not take them home with her, as many people do,  
And in the winter it was chilly out of doors.  
She met a poor young actor at Delmonico's,  
And married him next day, the people say,  
But a rich old millionaire heard her sing "The Maiden's Prayer,"  
And lured by gold she left her happy home."

**CHORUS.**  
Lured by gold, she left her happy home, &c.

"There's more verses showing how the husband committed the unwritten law, and when they ast him why he had killed the millionaire, when he had no license to carry a revolver, he got up in the court and sang the chorus to the judge and jury."

"The jury burst into tears and the judge apologized for detaining him, and he and his wife was reconciled and he said to her, 'Let us never speak of it again.' 'When lured by gold you left your happy home and you beat it for a distant land to roam,' and so on."

"It's a knockout, being a companion song to 'Are You Sincere.' 'Now that these themes is put into plays we sometimes cautiously discuss them in the flat, although Mamma De Branscombe says young girls like me, and Amy shouldn't talk about such things and what more has we heard.'"

"Mamma De Branscombe says, and Dopey agrees with her, that if a party's wife is stole from him he shouldn't throw the shoots into the home-wrecker, because that's his only chance to get rid of his wife without going to great expense, because divorces is getting dearer every day, but when they steals your girl from you, that's no fair, because they isn't any penalty for that except the unwritten law."

"Dopey says why ain't they some unwritten law that will do away with the new garnish act? Why, he says, half the people he knows is afraid to go to work because they knows their salaries will be attached, and he believes that this is the real reason that the financial depressions is still a dent and hasn't become a bump, in spite of what the Prosperity Leagues and Billy Billiken Robinson says."

"Let's go shoot somebody and get our name in the papers. No harm shall befall us, Jack, and mother will be so proud!"

### He Learns a New Word By George Hopf



## THE WEEK'S WASH



English Views of Our American Woman. We "Butt In" Too Much—That's What!  
BY MARTIN GREEN



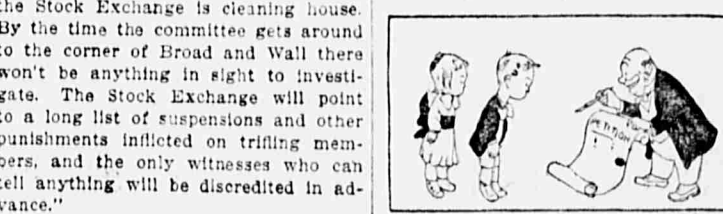
"DON'T see anything in the papers about the investigation of the Stock Exchange by the committee appointed by Gov. Hughes," complained the laundry man. "Of course not," said the man who was getting his package. "Where do you get off to claim any information about an investigation of gambling in Wall street? You are only one of the public."

"The idea of the investigation is to protect the public from the Wall street steers and legalized big mitt men, but the committee is working under cover and nobody knows what is being done but the members of the committee and the people in Wall street who are being investigated."

"In the mean time the committee hasn't started to investigate the Stock Exchange. They started in with the Produce Exchange, the Cotton Exchange and the Coffee Exchange. After finishing up with these they will probably take up the Wool Exchange, the Potato Exchange, the Swiss Cheese Exchange, the False Hair Exchange and the Horse, Cow and Mule Exchange. By the time they get around to the Stock Exchange the members of the committee will be tired out and in need of vacations in Europe."



"The Stock Exchange governing powers know every move the committee makes. While the committee is investigating the Ice Exchange, the Cheating Tobacco Exchange, the Pork and Beans Exchange and the Hay, Breakfast Food and Dog Biscuit Exchange the Stock Exchange is cleaning house. By the time the committee gets around to the corner of Broad and Wall there won't be anything in sight to investigate. The Stock Exchange will point to a long list of suspensions and other punishments inflicted on trifling members, and the only witnesses who can tell anything will be discredited in advance."



"The country swarms with Good Government Clubs, Reform Leagues, Civic Righteousness Organizations and similar combinations of busybodies. Few of them do any good. When there is need for a reform movement the movement springs into being spontaneously and lands the necessary knockout."

"Fanatical men and idle women form the backbone of this butt-in malady that afflicts the country. And now they are spreading it to the children. Just time we foolish rascals who feel like enjoying and destroying ourselves in our own way will have to organize to be enabled to exert our privilege."

**A Suggestion To Trinity Folk.**

"I SEE Trinity Church has engaged a press agent," said the laundry man. "Yes," replied the man who was getting his package, "but to make a real hit the corporation should have retained Charles Edward Russell to do its press work."

### Bluff and Noise the New Weapons By George K. Chesterton

THE good controversialist is a good listener; he is learned in the arguments of his adversary, he wishes to have every word of the speech which he is to answer. The object of fighting is to hit, not merely to hammer. The wordsman who can only keep up a clatter with his own sword on the other sword is as weak as he who drops his own sword and runs away from the other. And most of the gladiators of our press at present are of one type or the other.

It is part of that unchivalrous and even unwhimsical idea of bullying, of using bombastic terrors in order to avoid a conflict which is at this moment the highest turret of the tall hypocrisies of Europe. Europe is full of the idea of bluff, the idea of cowering the human spirit with a painted panorama of physical force. We see it in the huge armaments which we dare to accumulate, but should hardly dare to use. We see it in the numerous biological theories which are not sufficiently proved to convince scientific men, but which already are used to terrify ordinary men. We see it in the ghastly Barnacle banquet of modern finance; in the stock exchange, where men buy and sell.

For the soul of all our commerce is that the peasant says (being often a greedy fellow), "I have grown a turnip; will you give me a shilling?" Whereas the broker says, "If I had 10,000 turnips would you borrow 10,000 shillings and buy them?" It is all the spirit of the bully, of the man who instead of strengthening himself, labels himself strong. For in spite of Charles Lamb the popular phrase is profoundly true, the real bully is always a coward. For the bully is the man who acts on the assumption that he will not have to fight.

I do not like hovering and lingering threats of armaments nor do I like hovering and lingering threats of riot. If people want to have a revolution let them have it and let it have the advantage of a revolution, that is, of being drastic and decisive. But a mere parade of possible war seems merely a perpetual anarchy. Revolution creates government, but anarchy only creates more anarchy.

### Epigrams.

By Minna Thomas Antrim.

**P**OLITENESS is one of the best investments known. It pays enormous dividends. Fools have their uses now as in ancient times; but their professor carries few honors. It is well to "hold hard" when writing letters. Written words have double weight.

The real wit has little to say, but makes that little tell. Egotism and Flattery walk smirkingly arm in arm, while Wisdom chuckles. The snob enthuses according to his host's bank account, and his final reward is the door.

Rattling ancestral bones is a poor way of getting a living. The young long to be happy; the old wish to be wise. Consideration is the most powerful link in the chain of love. The wisest are the least sure. The fool has no doubts.

It's a toss up as to which is the more intolerable, the inveterate croaker or the inveterate joker. Castles in Spain would be delightful if one only could keep them from toppling over.—Sunday Magazine.